

# BONNY DUNDEE,

## Jockey's Deliberence.

Being His Valiant

## Escape from DUNDEE,

And the Parson's Daughter, whom he had mow'd.

To an Excellent tune, called, Bonny Dundee.

Licensed according to Order

**V**Here got't thou the *Haver-mill Bonack*,  
blind booby canst thou not see,  
He got it out of the *Scotchman's* wallet,  
as he lig lousing him under a tree,  
*Come fill me my cup, come fill me my can,*  
*Come saddle my horse and call up my man,*  
*Come open the gates and let me go free,*  
*And shew me the way unto bonny Dundee.*

For I have neither Robbed nor Stole,  
nor have I done any perjury;  
But I have gotten a fair maid with Child,  
the Ministers Daughter of bonny Dundee:

*Come fill me my cup, come fill me my can,*  
*Come saddle my horse and call up my man,*  
*Come open the gates and let me go free,*  
*for ise gan no more unto bonny Dundee.*

Altho' ise gotten her maiden-head,  
gued faith ise have left her mine own in lieu,  
For when at her Daddys ise gan to bed,  
ise mow'd her without any more to do,  
Ise cuddled her close, and gave her a kiss,  
Pray tell me now where is the harm of this:

*Then open the gates and let me go free,*  
*For ise gan no more unto bonny Dundee.*

All Scotland nere afforded a lass,  
so bonny and blith as Jenny my dear,  
ise gave her a gown of green on the grafs,  
but now ise no longer must tarry here:  
Then saddle my nag, thats bonny and gay,  
For now it is time to gan hence away:

*then open the gates and let me go free,*  
*shes ken me no more unto bonny Dundee.*

In liberty still I reckon to Reign,  
for why, I have done no honest man wrong,  
The parson may take his daughter again,  
for she'll be a Mammy before it is long,  
And have a Young lad or a lass of my breed;  
Ise think I have done a generous deed:

*then open the gates and let me go free,*  
*for ise gan no more unto bonny Dundee.*

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Since Jenny, the fair, was willingly kind,  
and came to my arms with ready good wil,  
A token of love ise leave her behind,  
thus have I requited her kindness still,  
Tho' Jenny the fair I often have mov'd,  
Another may reap the harvest I sow'd,  
*then open the gates and let me go free,*  
*shes ken me no more unto bonny Dundee.*

Her Daddy would have me make her my Bride  
but have, and to hold I nere could endure,  
From bonny Dundee this day I will ride,  
it being a place not safe and secure,  
Then Jenny farewell my joy and my dear,  
With sword in my hand the passage ise clear,  
*then open the gates and let me go free,*  
*for ise gan no more unto bonny Dundee.*

My father is a muckle good leard,  
my mother lady bonny and gay,  
then while I have skill to handle a sward,  
the parsons Request ise never obey,  
then Sawny, my man be thou of my mind,  
in bonny Dundee we'se not be confin'd,  
*the gates we will force to set our selves free,*  
*and never come more unto bonny Dundee.*

then Sawny reply'd: ise never refuse  
to fight for a leard so valiant and bold,  
Whilst I have a drop of blood for to lose,  
ere any sike loon shall keep us in hold;  
this sward in my hand ise valiantly wield,  
and fight by your side to Kill or be Kill'd,  
*for forcing the gates and set our selves free;*  
*And so I bid adieu to bonny Dundee.*

With swards ready drawn they rid to the gate,  
where being deni'd an entrance thro'  
the master and man they fought at that rate,  
that some ran away and others they slew,  
thus Jockey the leard, and Sawny his man,  
they valiantly fought, as High-landers can,  
*in spite of the loons they set themselves free*  
*And so bid adieu unto bonny Dundee.*

